SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. II.—NO. 30. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853. WHOLE NO., 82.

Foreign Correspondence.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE LONDON JOURNALS.

We are happy to introduce to the favorable consideration of our patrons a new correspondent on the other side of the water, who is eminently qualified by his intelligence and distinguished social position to enlighten American readers respecting the progress of our cause in Europe. We apprehend that our transatlantic friend will sustain his ancient reputation by vigorously "stirring up" things on the other side, and we tender our thanks for his timely attention bestowed on the London journals.

Our correspondent comprehends in a line of that Prof. Faraday achieved by his labored disquisition—the acme "did prove that he could construct a machine to show that if you pushed you pushed." Men of sense will doubtless soon learn, if men of science do not, that a man may be a thorough chemist and profound electrician, and know nothing of metaphysical and Spiritual subjects. On a theme of this nature the conclusion of Faraday is entitled to less consideration than the opinion of many obscure persons who make no pretensions to scientific attainments. There must be some essential adaptation of the human faculties and of one's previous mental discipline to the investigation of kindred subjects to render his judgment of the least value.—Ed.

Mr. Editor:

It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to your readers to be put in possession of a slight sketch of the different phases of opposition to Spiritual Manifestations which characterize the London journals.

Foremost to lead the van appeared two anonymous persons delegated by the editor of *Household Words*. The object, undoubtedly, was at all cost to get up a funny article. In this they succeeded. A laugh was raised, but, as far as regarded the true merits of the question, the paper fell flat on the public ear, and was soon discounted at the same rate as "Notes on America." The least examination convinced any body that the circumstances of the séance could not have taken place as there represented, and that fabrication was a very gentle word to use in reference to that article.

The next philosophic investigator represented the *Leader*, a journal of no particular repute. His principal question to test the truth of these phenomena was certainly most ingenious, and does infinite credit to his powers of original scientific investigation. I give the question and the questioner's name, that you may record them in the same line with the old woman who would not hear to her Johnny's being inoculated, lest the crooked horns of old brindle should begin to sprout:

"Has the ghost of Hamlet's father seventeen noses?"

The name of this sapient propounder is G. H. Lewes. No more, I apprehend, need be said of him or his experience.

Soon after the *Zoist* took upon itself the task of enlightening the public on the true state of the case. Unfortunately the *Zoist* is not much read out of mesmeric circles, and all mesmerists know too well the touchy and irascible disposition of the dark-haired veteran of that journal to pay much attention to any article emanating from his pen, when his feelings, or what he thinks his dignity, are at stake.

Another difficulty which the manifestations had to encounter in the pages of the *Zoist* is the positive knowledge which its editors possess of the non-existence of any God, any eternity, any futurity, and consequently any spiritual state.

The article to which I now particularly refer will be found in the April number, and, from its peculiar [illegible] style, has induced many persons to think that it may claim a common origin with a paper in the next number of the *Zoist*, on the same subject, as well as with a silly pamphlet, replete with falsehood, signed "One who has tried the Spirits."

The curious reader, if he refers to page 89 of the article signed "N. E. E. N.," and will take a large sheet of paper, he may possibly compress in its limits the illogical and foolish remarks he will meet with; but he must not hope to do more than note the bare number of those extraordinary statements which are there hazarded in such a disgraceful and reckless manner.

One of the persons whose experience is there recorded does not seem to have entered on the investigation with very Christian feelings. If the report of those who were present be true, it is no wonder that the Spirit he called upon got too frightened to put all the [illegible] in his name, or to remember his exact age. Even the bold spirit of [illegible] Hector would have been floored if, on his first reappearance in society, he had been fraternally addressed, "You thief! where's my money? Pay me the three thousand pounds you owe, or may you never rest in peace!" Of course the Spirit stuttered, and could not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] last.

The article appeared under a [illegible] signature, but in the next number of the *Zoist* it was decided to give it a paternity, and accordingly we find in an article signed John Elliotson the following certificate of adoption: "If persons will observe the few passages given in the article in the last *Zoist*, in every word of which I adhered, as I am sure does the gentleman who wrote it, it of the production of the raps and the table-movement, they will find the imposture of both."* The writer or writers of these various papers can claim no indulgence. He or they have unsparingly used the gentle words of falsehood, imposture, fraud; they need offer up no cry of quarter.

If what I am about to say is offensive to any one, let it be remembered that Dr. John Elliotson has kindly volunteered his back to bear up any burden that may be put upon it—in fact, rather likes it than otherwise.

The first palpable deviation from the truth that "N. E. E. N." ventured on is to be found at the bottom of page 88: "This is always done at a table." Raps are frequently heard on the floor, marble mantelpiece, door, or anywhere else.

A few lines farther on we find: "The *petticoated* medium has her feet under the table, and is near enough to reach a leg of it, and of course can always, on an emergency, reach a leg of her own chair." The reply to this ignorant and untrue assertion is, that the medium may stand upon a pillow of down, or be suspended from the ceiling, and the raps will still continue.

In the same paragraph is a sentence which the writer most undoubtedly knew not to be so when he penned it: "The medium keeps a sharp look-out at your eyes or your hand, or both, and listens anxiously when you speak." What are you to think of this person, when I tell you that he—yes, he, the writer of this very statement—kept Mrs. Hayden purposely and earnestly engaged in conversation, and her head turned away from the person who was obtaining a communication: and when his own turn came, placed himself in such a position that he could not be seen by her?

It would be idle to wade any longer through this mass of falsity and disingenuousness. It is without a single redeeming quality of truth or sense—without sense, I say, for we are asked to believe the silly trash that a human being can so cultivate her perceptions as to read in the play of your features the correct answers to hundreds of mental questions, and many of these answers, be it noted, unknown to yourself at the time. Can senile folly go further? Mesmerists now begin to doubt whether the operations of the *Lancet* are not true, that the thrice-told tale of the Okeys was a stupendous fraud on the gullibility of their patron.

So far so well; not much harm is done, but the mischief does not end here.

An amiable but unfortunate clergyman, somewhat diseased with a *cacoëthes scribendi*, but who has heretofore done good service by a work on "Mesmerism and its Opponents," has in an evil hour been seduced to volunteer information on a subject of which he has no more knowledge than Goody Gaffer, who takes her weekly soporific in his parish church.

With Christian charity well becoming a clergyman, without ever having seen, heard, or inquired into the matter himself, he stigmatizes a defenseless woman, and a foreigner, as a fraudulent person and impostor. From personal abuse he has wandered to table-turning and hat-spinning, and he is now sheltering these phenomena under his own wing from Professor Faraday's dreadful tyranny. He most paternally seems to consider them as peculiarly under his protection, and cackles most vehemently if the stray passer-by comes too near to his addled eggs. His latest conclusive proof is, that his hat will turn round with a leaden weight placed inside. In the interests of science it would be desirable to know if, under these circumstances, his hat is off or on his head.

Professor Faraday is quoted as an authority, sometimes, against the possibility of the physical phenomena. He published, I suppose you know, rather a long article in the *Athenæum* on the subject, and very ingeniously did he prove that he could construct a machine to show you that if you pushed you pushed. This was the whole force of his article, with some generally offensive remarks about education, as filling up to his meager outline. The contemptuous indifference with which he ignores the experiments at Paris in 1840 is most amusing as well as unworthy. This article has done Faraday no good, but, on the contrary, sunk him low in public estimation, and made the world very chary about receiving his opinions on other subjects. This may be unjust; but when a man writes what many a little girl knows to be nonsense, we can not help having our suspicions of his powers of investigation in any other branch of science.

The conduct of the daily press of London has not been at all to its credit. The virtuous *Times* has indignantly refused to allow its unblemished sheets to be defiled by even an advertisement on the subject, and most of the other papers have been [illegible] backward and forward, one day won't I, one day will I.

Thus stood the matter when the September number of the *Quarterly* made its appearance. It is impossible to describe to you the consternation of the friends of that Review when they saw that the long-exploded, oft-refuted, and most silly charge of fraud was the best explanation the *Quarterly* was able to advance. Truly talent must be at a very low ebb in England, or the rights of women must be better understood even here than in America, for it would almost seem that we had placed all the old and ugly ones in the editorial chairs of our public journals. But thus it ever is when writers, ignorant of their subject, prostitute their pens to serve the interests of a class—falsehood and folly stain their pages.

I must not omit to notice that some clergymen have taken a deep interest in these phenomena, and have blazoned their opinions in such an offensive manner before their little world, that it is hardly fair not to help them on a bit in their unenviable and dearly bought notoriety. I refer more particularly to the Rev. Messrs. Gillson and Fordyce. Your readers may, perhaps, procure their pamphlets; if so, they can not fail to be struck with these specimens of clergymen, disgorged from our universities for the ministry of the Church.

Cautious and rather cowardly as has been the conduct of the London press, the *Evening Globe* could no longer keep silence under such desperate nonsense put forward in such a pretentious manner, and in its number of the 21st October a terse and severe article appeared, administering summary and well-deserved punishment to reviewers and parsons. From the style of this article, and from the apparent terms of intimacy which the writer seems to be on with noble families, Spiritualists here are beginning to congratulate themselves that they possess the friendship of a distinguished statesman, to whom the interests of the *Globe* are dear. Be this as it may, we at least will congratulate ourselves that a lady and a stranger can still hope to find a defender from the brutality of her pursuers, and that the throb of *disgust* still beats against those emulous of such notoriety as the tragical fate of Madame Von Beck conferred on her persecutors.

[We subjoin the communication from the *Globe* to which our correspondent refers.—Ed.]

THE "QUARTERLY" AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

May I venture to hazard an opinion, that the appearance of the article in the September number, "Electro-biology and Mesmerism," has caused some friendly readers to fear that the good old *Quarterly* is showing symptoms of a "softening in the brain," as Sir Henry Holland would say. If it was written in his interest and that of the Esculapian corps, as it really appears to have been, I would advise, if a friend may be permitted the liberty, to send the next article on that subject to the benevolent Mr. Thomas Capern, of Tiverton, to be mesmerised before it is printed. He has by his extraordinary mesmeric power recovered several individuals from that too pulpy state of the cerebral organ which usually terminates, if neglected, in unconscious stupidity. One of the phases of this condition is to assert what no sane person believes to be true, who has given a reasonable examination to the matter. But no wonder when both the power and the will are wanting to examine. The following passage is in the September article:

"It has not yet been our fortune to meet with a single believer in these higher mysteries, who has exhibited the qualities of mind which would entitle his testimony to respect upon any other subject in which his feelings were interested."

If this be true, the writer moves in a very limited orbit, and it is but fair to tell Mr. Murray, who has a real interest at stake, that there are many whose judgment is confided in by high authority in science and letters, who consider this to be an audacious dictum, that will not do honor to the *Quarterly*. Again, the writer, who will not even give himself an opportunity to believe, brings forward the nonsense that fools and knaves have advanced, purposely to discredit that which hundreds of honorable and discreet persons have proved to be true. There are other statements in the article which, I much regret to say, are in downright opposition to facts; I am really sorry to say so, but I say so in the interests of truth.

The lady too, Mrs. Hayden, who, I understand, has returned to America, is denounced as a cheat and impostor. The "gullibility" of those who have consulted her is proclaimed. Mrs. Hayden exhibited privately at the Marquis of Breadalbane's, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the Duke of Argyll, and other distinguished and intelligent members of the Court, who expressed their conviction that collusion was impossible, that the communications were genuine, and that there was no escaping the conviction that they came from an intelligent Spiritual nature. [illegible] and the [illegible] *Quarterly* a sage, who fortifies himself within the circle of a medical college, and will not even try to be convinced?

Mrs. Hayden is far from being a cheat and impostor. In her character of medium she is a most extraordinary person, and as a woman she is remarkably intelligent and pleasing. And the *Quarterly* writer thinks it not unbecoming to denounce a female stranger so gifted, in terms fitted only for Billingsgate.

What is stated about the phenomena of "table turning" is the palpable misrepresentation of ignorance that disdains to be enlightened. I assure you, upon the honor of a man who values his word, that I have seen a table move rapidly from its place *without any one touching it*. Yes, a quick changing of the place of the table, accompanied with violent action, [illegible] when no one [illegible] touching it. Others whom I am acquainted with have seen it oftener than myself.

As to the rapping communications, they baffle all the reasoning powers I possess. I have seen too much to be skeptical any longer. Let those who wish to be convinced go to the trial, and take every [illegible] They will come away [illegible] Most assuredly so! Hundreds of persons of great [illegible] true believers. But are we to disbelieve every thing because those who will not seek to be convinced pour out a flood of verbiage about "dominant ideas," the occult nature of which they can no more explain than others can the nature of [illegible] age of physical and moral wonders. Who would have believed, thirty years ago, that the Queen could have passed from Edinburgh to London in twelve hours! Her Majesty believes [illegible] in the *Quarterly* believe it! He did not witness it! He ought to class the feat among the "dominant ideas" of the newspapers. Perhaps her Majesty is yet at Holyrood House, or even at [illegible]!

As to the [illegible] from the banks of the [illegible] is not to be found out of the pages of the *Quarterly*. The greater the shame! Those reverend addleheads, convinced of the genuine character of the communications, but with their "dominant idea," the devil, in their heads, summoned his highness the prince of darkness to give an account of the matter. Why didn't they summon one of the Apostles? And so they got the black potentate to make a clean breast of it, and to make an honest confession that he was at the bottom of the whole affair. This is one of his greatest feats on record. He has made a lodgment in the *Quarterly*, in the hope of keeping back the millennium, which is approaching rather too rapidly for him.

Let Jack-in-the-green hide his half-scoured visage! The triumph is now with the printers' devils.

DOMINANT IDEAS.

All honor to the *Globe*, then, for its honesty and independence; it has a rugged path before it, but truth as a staff to lean upon.

The clamorous writers on whom I have been adverting would seem to wish to bring the matter to a question of veracity. I apprehend that the humblest one among us would with perfect cheerfulness pit himself against a Lewes, Dickens, Elliotson, and a handful of scribbling parsons to make good the weight. From time to time I will keep you advised of the follies and tergiversations of these worthies. Adios,

LONG POLE,

London, Somerset House, *Oct.* 27.

* [illegible]

THE OPPOSITION IN ENGLAND.

The following correspondence will give our readers a just conception of the general spirit and character of the opposition in England. The course of Dr. Elliotson sufficiently indicates that, in his opinion, nothing new, even in the phenomenal aspects of things, can be *true* unless it is comprehended by the formula of Mesmerism, as already unanimously agreed upon by Dr. Elliotson, and published in the *Zoist*. The Doctor is in a fair way to sacrifice whatever reputation he once had as a free and candid investigator.—Ed.

London, *Oct.* 11*th*, 1853.

Ed. Spiritual Telegraph:

Sir—At page 320 of the October number of the *Zoist* you will find a letter written by the Rev. George Sandby, in which he attempts to match his knowledge on the subject of table-turning with that of Professor Faraday. I do not know that I should have intervened between them, but have let them wound each other to death in their mutual *ignorance* of the weapons they were trifling with, had not the concluding paragraph of the reverend writer's letter plucked out the mote from his victim's eye, while he still cherished the beam in his own. I will collate two passages from this writer, in one of which, with the Pharisee, he rejoices that he is not made like other men—*i. e.*, Professor Faraday—that he is not scornful and uncharitable, intolerant of the facts and opinions of others, and overweeningly contented with his own. In the other passage he gives a practical exposition of how his charity works. This passage is contained in the July number of the *Zoist*, and has reference to some remarkable experiments which took place in the presence of Dr. Elliotson. Speaking of a report on these experiments, without ever having seen them himself, or knowing any thing of them, he says: "He," the writer of that report, "had detected much that was false, and much that was effected by dextrous jugglery; still he felt that there was just room for the entrance of some other element, and that a portion of the 'manifestations' might have been aided by electrical combinations." This is the practical charity and tolerance of the reverend gentleman. He unhesitatingly joins in the cry of fraud and imposture in relation to a matter of which he is childishly ignorant, yet claims for himself and his opinions unhesitating credence. To make his case a little stronger, he even does not scruple to pervert the meaning, foolish as that meaning is, of the report from which he quotes. No where in that report, signed "N. E. E. N.," does the writer make the slightest pretensions to detect the least fraud, nor does he detect any; he merely gives some suppositious cases in which he pretends the manifestations will not take place, and which cases are now well known to be *untrue*. Nor did the writer of that report advert in any manner "to the possibility of electrical agency being mixed up with the maneuvers he had witnessed." He simply denounced the whole thing to be a barefaced swindle. This disgraceful invention of the reverend writer is introduced as a peg on which to hang a little bit of self-glorification as to what he thought or did not think, as if it was of the least consequence to his mesmeric readers what his opinion was on a subject that many an infant medium could enlighten him about.

But let us leave these distinguished warriors of the goose-quill to consider the effect that these puerile and illogical papers will have on the interests of mesmerism.

The large and increasing body of mesmerists are already becoming disgusted with the narrowness which exacts full belief in its own pretensions, while denying the possibility of all beyond its own material and infidel opinions. In this disgust they may unfortunately be induced to draw off from the cause of mesmerism, or, what would be not less fatal in its effects, divide the camp, and all fall a prey to the enemy. Nor will the fault be theirs. They know they have truth with them; as mesmerists they have fought for that. It is still their duty so to do for any other truth. Gentlemen of the *Zoist*, I make an appeal to you. Will you force upon us the sad necessity of disavowing our connection with the mesmeric institutions which we jointly support? Will you continue to pervert, by your papers, phenomena which most of us have witnessed, not only in public, but in the privacy of our homes? Will you continue to take up valuable space with the childish proofs of hat-turning, when a little honest attention would show you phenomena so astounding, so overwhelming, that the wisdom of the world is folly in comparison with them. If you will continue to do so, we must let you go down alone, followed by the pity of mesmerists, and the contempt and laughter of the world. Even "our friend of the *Lancet*" has shown you an example on this subject. How low, how low has the *Zoist* fallen!

ONE WHO SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF AND NUMEROUS FRIENDS.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Boston, *Nov.* 4*th*, 1853.

Messrs. Partridge and Brittan:

After leaving Winsted I spent two weeks in Hartford, one of them closeted with a bad cold, the other lecturing and visiting our friends. You are so familiar with the friends and their condition in H., that I need not for yourselves say one word; but many of your readers are not, as you are, acquainted with the condition of the Harmonial Philosophy in that once stronghold of Puritanical bondage. The friends have a large and convenient hall which they rent by the year, and use whenever they choose for lectures or other meetings, which was well filled by an intelligent and attentive audience to listen to the lectures of A. J. Davis and myself while I was there. Our friends there are abundantly able to build a church with the *tallest* steeple in the city if they choose, but they have too much good sense to exhibit such folly, and too much freedom to express such an evidence of sectarianism, and they also have here, as elsewhere, full assurance that the time is near when most of the Protestant churches will be at the service of Spiritualists, and be used as places in which to teach the truth of eternal life, and to demonstrate it to the satisfaction of all honest inquirers. Hartford is the home of A. J. Davis, where he is continually writing and lecturing, and shedding his mild but powerful influence on those around him. I had long admired Mr. Davis as one of the boldest as well as earliest advocates and defenders of Spiritual intercourse. I was familiar with his interior power of deep, clear, and accurate seeing and reading of persons as well as of nature's laws, but I was not prepared to find him, as I did, one of the most familiar, sociable, and agreeable persons in private conversation and social life I had ever met, and possessing more than an average share of practical business talents. He has a remarkable capacity to dispatch business through his two conditions, the superior and normal. Although confined almost day and night with his wife, who is in a lingering disease, and over whom he displays the greatest care and sympathy, still his writings and lectures are progressing, his friends increasing, and his influence spreading, as they must continue to do while he remains in the form, and probably long after. I have been highly pleased with my acquaintance with this remarkable man, and I am sure every other person who forms his acquaintance must be pleased with the genial influence of his mind, however much they may differ with him on matters of faith and doctrine. I was also highly pleased with my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Mettler. Mr. M. is a practical business man, kind, sociable, and active, and Mrs. M., possessed of a most remarkable clairvoyant power, especially in describing disease, and prescribing remedies, is at the same time one of the most pure, affectionate, and congenial spirits that dwells in an earthly form. Loving every body, she can not fail to be beloved by all who know her. She is doing a great work, and her mission seems blessed with eminent success. There are many other able and active friends in Hartford, and the strongest, best developed, and most substantial society of defenders of the Harmonial Philosophy, I have found in any place I have visited in my journey. I also visited the beautiful and quiet home of the Cheeney brothers, at South Manchester, seven miles from Hartford, where the seven brothers are engaged in the manufactory of sewing silk. They employ about 300 operatives, and the spirit of the true Harmonial Brotherhood which so fully imbues their minds, is extending its benign influence over those who labor for them. They furnish a library and hall for the use of the operatives, and have frequent lectures and social meetings in which the owners and their families mingle, and in which, as in their business relations, they maintain by precept and example the equal rights and independence of each and all, and the common brotherhood of the race. From Hartford, I came direct to Boston, where the friends have secured the Melodeon, the old "stumping ground" of Theodore Parker, for my lecture on Sunday evening, and the city hall in Charlestown, where brother Loveland often lectures, for the morning. Mr. Putnam, of Roxbury, delivered an excellent lecture in the Melodeon on Tuesday evening to a crowded audience, giving some of his experience, and many facts, etc. It has been published in

pamphlet form. I have spent one day in the tower at High Rock Cottage (the home of the Hutchinson family) in Lynn with John M. Spear, and others. [illegible]

WARREN CHASE.

SONNET—"THE GOOD TIME COMING."

[illegible]

PORTRAIT OF FRANCES WRIGHT.

[illegible]

I feel a swimming motion, as it walked through the air. Is not this person in the Spirit-world? A voice from persons stands. It is Thomas Paine, accompanying a female. The [illegible] was a female Spirit. She was one who possessed boldness of heart and manner, and without fear or favor proclaimed what she believed. She insisted on freedom of thought and speech. Her rights she would maintain at all hazards. But she possessed a heart that was full and overflowing, not only with sympathy, but with the truth that she so much loved. She hated oppression and wrong, and as long as strength and breath were given her in this sphere, she continued to plead for what she believed to be truth, and for the rights of her sex. She was winning and attractive in her manner, and gained many true and loving friends. I think her name will never be forgotten, for she was an active spirit, and could not rest content in the possession of comforts which others were not permitted to enjoy. If in her power, others were made to see what she believed to be true, and to enjoy whatever comforts she possessed.

The writer was governed much by her intuitions, and, I should think, from her childhood she exhibited a knowledge far beyond her years and experience. "Light, light, more light" was always her motto. "Arouse, ye nations, and behold the truth!" She abhorred sectarianism; there was a universal love. She would not [illegible] receive what she [illegible] to be the popular inconsistencies with regard to her Maker, and in [illegible] those points she exhibited much enthusiasm. She possessed strong powers of concentration and depth of thought; was wont to dwell much in a state of abstraction. So firm and decided was she, that a mere look was sufficient to convey her meaning. Yet it would not be expressed harshly. It was not a piercing, revengeful look, but marked with affection and at the same time expressive of her thought.

The writer suffered much at heart from the censure she received. Yet, at the same time, she possessed that self-control that prevented her from being weighed down or crushed with sorrow or sadness, nor could the world's rude censure silence her voice. She would speak that which she believed to be truth. She seemed to have a premonition of what the result would be from the seeds that were sown by her. In her conjugal and domestic relations she loved and was beloved in return. Her love was not confined to one, but was universal. She was a spirit that never tired in doing good. Had she been a man, she would have made a splendid orator; as it was, she could express herself in a very forcible manner. I should think she was engaged in some public capacity. The *social and spiritual natures far predominated.*

[illegible]

A CORRECTION.

[illegible]

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

IMMORTAL GUARDIANS.

We are not about to entertain the reader with an ideal picture, but will briefly narrate the particulars of a simple case of Spiritual interposition which occurred in this city but a few days since. The reader may rest assured that the story is true in every essential particular.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 6th, while Mrs. French, the Spirit-medium, was sitting in the parlor of the Irving House, she was unexpectedly impressed to go into the street. She was about to obey the impression, when Mrs. Burroughs, the landlady, said to her, inquiringly:

"You will not go alone?"

"No," responded the spirit that impressed the medium; "take Mr. Knapp." [It is an intimate friend of Mrs. F.]

The parties went to the front door, when Mrs. French expressed a desire to go down Broadway, but on attempting to move in that direction she found her feet fastened to the pavement. Contrary to her own volition she was now impelled to move up Broadway. The two proceeded on their way, obedient to the invisible powers, but knew not the object of their walk. They were engaged in familiar conversation, when Mrs. F. was suddenly moved by an irresistible power operating through her muscular system away from her friend. She was somewhat surprised and embarrassed in view of the singular spectacle which she was conscious of presenting. Her attention was still directed to her friend, while she was being moved along sideways to the front of Taylor's saloon, where she was stopped, and her arm was spasmodically thrown around a little girl, about twelve years old, whom she had not seen until that moment.

"Please ma'am, don't hurt me," said the child.

"I am your friend, I want to talk with you," responded the invisible power, using the organs of the medium.

In a moment the little girl seemed to be inspired with confidence, and with a full heart and tearful eyes told her simple story. But her lips revealed nothing that was unknown before; they only corroborated what her pale face and fragile form and her soiled and faded garments had disclosed already in a language more forcible than her faltering words. The poor have a kind of universal speech, wherein their wrongs are portrayed with graphic power and irresistible pathos. The Christ-like nature reads that language intuitively, but to the cold and heartless it is "an unknown tongue."

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the eldest child of want spoke not more eloquently in the language of the poor than spoke the little girl as she stood shivering in the night air. Drawing closer to her unknown friend, she thus poured her heart story into words, which were uttered in a sad and feeble voice:

"We ate all the bread and meat we had this morning, and so we had no dinner. But I've just been to see some friends who are not quite so poor as we are, and I had a good supper, and had butter too. I've got a little sister seven years old, home; she's dumb, and my mother's been dead six months. Sometimes I beg, but I don't get much; rich people don't treat me very well."

It was a pitiful tale, and no fiction either. The form and visage of the child said it was all true. The little sister at home could never repeat that story in the current speech of the world. Alas, she had no voice! but she, too, had power to speak, and oh, how forcibly! in the language of the poor.

The night air, chilled by the November frosts, came in strong currents round the corner of the building, and the child shook in the freshening breeze. She was cold, for her worn and faded calico dress afforded but a slight protection against the rude winds of autumn. But the condition of the little girl was less deplorable that night than it had been on many a night before. Sometimes she was hungry as well as cold, but she had just then had "a good supper," and it was because she applied to those who were "not quite so poor." A very brief experience had taught the child where she might reasonably hope to awaken sympathy. Those who are very near our own condition in life are most likely to comprehend our situation, and, with occasional exceptions, the most disposed to relieve our necessities. The rich and proud are too far removed from want to deeply sympathize with the poor and the humble.

It was not the mournful speech of poverty that every day attracted so many to that very corner. They only felt the attractions of that gorgeous Saloon, and yielded to the magnetism of warm dinners and sparkling wine. Seldom one paused to bestow a single thought on this little girl, or the thousands like her who have no dinner, and whose stomachs yearn for bread while they stand outside shivering in the blast. The air of November is cold, very cold, but it is not colder than the hearts of many who sit warm and costly dinners at Taylor's.

Long ago angels came to succor the unfortunate in seasons of the greatest peril; moreover, in those days their visits were not so formerly "few and far between." Beautiful truth! And the angels did come to that poor little wanderer because she so much needed their assistance, and they accomplished their benevolent mission. The child went home that night almost bewildered with her unexpected good fortune. She went tripping along one of the unlighted streets leading from Broadway, and the darkness around her seemed half illuminated. Those kind words had found a place in her bosom; the world looked more beautiful than before, and the air did not seem so cold because her little heart, bounding with surprise and joy, sent the warm blood with accelerated motion through her slender frame.

The little girl ran like a frightened fawn, but the attentive observer might have discovered that she grasped something in her right hand. *It was a five dollar bill!* And the smile of the donor was mirrored in her pale face, and her glad heart expanded beneath the genial influence, as flowers are unfolded in the morning light.

Mrs. French had returned to the Irving, when a Spirit, claiming to be the mother of the landlady, signified its presence, and gave a communication through the hand of the medium. We extract the following from the Spirit's message to Mrs. Burroughs:

[illegible]

We are obliged to omit portions of the communication lest we defeat the benevolent designs of the Spirits who have taken in the future elevation of the family.

The next day (Tuesday) Mrs. Burroughs and Mrs. French took a carriage and rode to the humble dwelling of [illegible] Street. The father was there, and his eldest daughter, about eighteen years of age, who had been saved to the loss of food and the Spirit-mother's watchful care—she, too, was present. And there sat the little dumb girl, whose lips had been sealed from her birth. And, strange to say, [illegible] which greatly astonished the family, for she had not been known to do the like before. To the eye of sense there was one place left vacant, but by the powers of the Spirit, and the attraction of a mother's deathless love, even that was occupied, and thus the scene was hallowed by an angel's presence.

"You have buried your wife?" said one of the ladies, addressing Mr. [illegible], inquiringly.

"Yes," responded the poor man, "she died last February."

"What was her name?" inquired Mrs. F.

"Mary Ann," said the husband.

"You attend some church, I suppose," continued the lady.

"Yes, sir, [illegible]," said the man, with a solemn air.

It will be recollected that the little girl, as she stood in front of that gilded Saloon, under the cold November sky, said that her mother had been dead six months. She was mistaken in the time; it was nine months; and so the statement of the Spirit, in this as in the other essential particulars, was corroborated by the testimony of the father.

Reader, think and speak reverently of the departed. They are the immediate guardians of the life and the messengers of Heaven to admonish earth's poor wanderers of the dangers that beset their way. And thou, frail daughter of humanity, when the tempter shall come to thee again, open thou thy heart to receive the gentle influence of the Angels, and in the hour of trial the Divine benediction and the power of thy Spirit-mother shall uphold thee.

MR. TILLING, THE BLIND PREACHER.

Many of our readers, in walking through the Park, may have noticed a person sitting in the rear of the City Hall, with a box containing several cakes of soap. Well, we know something of the history of that individual. He was once, and for many years, a Methodist preacher, and we believe he was always a good man. [illegible] has heard him preach. But he lost his sight, and though the people regarded it as a visitation of Providence, they did not care to retain the services of a minister who was visited in that peculiar way. The congregation did not want a blind preacher. Doubtless many fashionable societies have such, but so long as the ministers have eyes, the people seldom trouble themselves to ascertain whether he can see any thing or not.

We desire the reader to remember that the Rev. Mr. Tilling, who for a long time preached respectable sermons in the Methodist church, now manufactures excellent soap and sells it in the Park. In an important sense he sees better than many who have eyes, for he has assured us that he never saw the Divine goodness as clearly as he has since he lost his vision. He sees less of the outward world now and more of his own soul, of heaven, and of God.

But these are not the only, nor, in the judgment of ecclesiastical councils, the more important qualifications for the clerical office. "Fine linen" is an indispensable appendage to the priesthood, and the man who sits in the Park is not able to adorn his person. He is poor as well as blind. Moreover, his skin is scarred by small-pox and wrinkled by time, and it may be by the memory of sorrows which the world heeds not.

And so the Church, like the world, leaves the blind preacher to sit alone in the Park and sell his soap, if, indeed, he is so fortunate. But the preachers who wear costly apparel—those who have eyes and see not—and their fashionable congregations, go to Phalon's to purchase toilet soaps. It is fashionable to go there, and the soap has gilded labels. The blind soap-vender having established his new business in the Park has no rent to pay, and of course does not require their patronage.

But the poor man behind the City Hall must live and support his wife, and to do this he must sell his soap. Winter is coming on and there is no fire in the Park; the gates are open, and the season of clouds and storms will be long and dreary. Will not the good old man suffer from the cold through the long winter?

Reader, whenever you go through the Park again look for the blind preacher. If you have no business that way, even go on purpose to see him. Pause a moment, as you pass along, and speak a kind word to him; it will shed a light on his lonely way that even the blind may see. But do not manifest your interest merely in words. Patronize his humble labors. His business is more important than that of the wealthiest banker in Wall Street. He lives by his toil, while the banker may live without it. He will never deceive you in the quality of his merchandise. The soap is excellent, and if the outward man does not need its cleansing properties, buy it, nevertheless, and thou shalt be benefited, for charitable deeds have power to purify the soul.

VISIT TO BOSTON.

I arrived in Boston on Wednesday evening, Nov. 10th, and immediately called at the office of the New Era and Spiritual Telegraph, at the book depot of Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill, where I [illegible] Harmony Hall, [illegible] Court Street, [illegible] as a healing medium.

[illegible]

He also exhibited to us one of the most splendid pictures I ever saw, drawn by the hand of his wife, under Spirit influence. He said his wife had never practiced drawing more than to sometimes sketch a pattern or other article of wearing apparel—a pattern.

[illegible]

This much I can say in conclusion, that no mortal hand without Spirits to guide it can produce the like. I trust the gentleman will yet be moved to give the world the benefit of his Spiritual experience, and exhibit these wonderful testimonials of Spiritual presence, power, and skill, and the beautiful scenery of the heavenly spheres, to a [illegible] and sympathizing world. They can not but inspire holier aims, and strengthen all virtuous and spiritual endeavors.

[illegible]

NEW REVELATIONS NEEDED.

[illegible]

ASIATIC INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

FACTS AND REMARKS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Reported Phonographically by T. J. Ellinwood

On Tuesday [illegible] Nov. 15th, a large audience met in Conference, at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway.

W. J. [illegible] opened the meeting by relating a circumstance which had recently come to his knowledge, in which a father in the Spirit world gave his earthly son satisfactory [illegible]. The father announced his presence in a circle by tipping the table, when the son requested him to furnish some incontestable evidence that he was the Spirit he claimed to be, saying that he had been deceived on former occasions. The medium's hand was immediately seized, and caused to write—"Do you think I would deceive you?" The [illegible] S. T., were [illegible]. The Spirit named the disease which removed him from earth, what his feelings were on entering the other world, and expressed the joy he experienced on meeting his companion who left this sphere before him.

[illegible] said he wished the members of the Conference, both ladies and gentlemen, to be more free, and to relate their experience. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have them speak—hoped the ladies would speak. Those the most gifted are frequently the most selfish in this respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the Conference [illegible] to the exclusion of others. They would be pleased to hear any one. Strangers would do well to reveal what they know, for it is by the accumulation of facts that we arrive at the truth. At present none of us know much about this subject—none of us have a correct theory, and can not have one. The subject is as wide as the universe. Each man might have some of the truth, but no man could have it all. By a collection of [illegible] conclusions may be correctly arrived at. He hoped, therefore, that ladies and gentlemen would speak freely.

Edward Newbery related a number of incidents connected with his own life, illustrative of several different kinds of Spiritual influence. The simplest kind was illustrated by an instance in which his little girl dreamed that his horse had run away, which proved to be the fact. On one occasion the speaker had what he denominated a figurative dream, during which he thought he saw a skeleton figure snatch up a girl and bear her into the earth. He thought she was lost in consequence of some delay on his part. Being accustomed to such dreams, he understood the import of this when he awoke, and was confident that this girl whom he saw during his sleep was ill. Contrary to his convictions of duty, he neglected to visit her until it was too late to save her. She died the next morning after [illegible].

Another kind of Spiritual Manifestation is the hearing of Spirits. The speaker had heard Spirit-voices as distinctly as he could hear the voice of a person in the form. On a certain occasion a voice from an invisible speaker had addressed to him a sentence respecting the growth of plants, which had interested him very much, and opened to his mind a completely new field of scientific investigation.

Another kind is the seeing of Spirits. About a year since a beautiful Spirit made herself visible to him, who wore an extremely anxious expression [illegible] particular locality, which he consented to do. Soon after, the physician who attended this patient came and requested the speaker to attend her during his absence. In the course of half an hour the patient's mother came for him to go and see her daughter. His efforts to save her were fruitless, until he requested the Spirit whom he saw to bring some Spirits who could inform him of a remedy. His request was granted, and he was soon impressed with a remedy which placed the patient out of danger in [illegible].

Not long since, while the speaker was lecturing, he was deprived of the use of his voice for one day, in consequence of a severe cold. He had announced that he would lecture on the evening of that day; but he thought several times during the day that he would send to the school-house and have the appointment recalled, thinking that he could not well lecture without a voice. Every time he proposed sending he was strongly impressed not to do it, and he did not; but when night came he started off for the school-house to lecture without his speech. While on his way his voice was restored to him, and his sore throat cured, so that he was in his usual condition, and delivered his lecture with a clear voice.

The speaker had never been so fully convinced of the Spiritual origin of these manifestations as he was the evening previous, when he received [illegible] as many as one hundred and fifty test questions in [illegible]. During the evening he passed into a magnetic sleep, in which he dreamed he saw a remedy for a difficulty with which a lady was afflicted, who was in a trance at the same time. After waking and examining the articles he dreamed of seeing, to ascertain their medical properties he found that [illegible] which he did not know before.

The speaker closed his remarks by warning those present against taking the teachings of Spirits as authority.

[illegible] which he attended, treating the philosophy of the relation of man's internal to his external life. Assuming that the audience conceded the point that a person can see better, and is more sensible to what is transpiring while in a trance than while in his normal condition, he read the following, which was spelled out by the raps when no one present was thinking of the topic set forth: "Each life or change is, as it were, a concentric layer, each one becoming more perfect and equal in growth; the outer one representing reason and the next instinct, which foreshadows in faint glimpses its more glorious development in the next change." The speaker compared our reason, which we use, to the outer bark of a tree, and instinct to the layer which is just behind the bark, which in time comes out and forms the outer bark. It was also spelled out that the internal is always superior to the external, but inferior to itself when grown to the surface. The Spiritual senses are always superior to the bodily senses; but inferior while we are in the body to what they will be when they become the external—when, by the dissolution of this earth form, that becomes physical which we now call Spiritual. It was next spelled out concerning the inner layer: "There is an infinite series of these layers, and hence it is that duration is infinite." The speaker remarked that this is seen in nature; for instance, in a kernel of wheat. That which we call wheat is merely for the purpose of protecting the germ, which is latent, and which does [illegible] uses to which the wheat is applied; but if you plant the kernel in the ground, and the wheat decays, then the germ-life starts, leaving behind it another germ, which leaves behind it another *ad infinitum*; *i. e.*, the kernel will continue to reproduce through eternity. So it is with us—we have an infinite series of latent degrees.

The speaker read another communication which was addressed to an old gentleman of eighty-four years of age, who, in all probability, was visiting the circle for the last time. The Spirits took this way of apprising him of his approaching dissolution. They addressed him in these words:

"We would speak to thee—thee, whose head is whitened with the winter-snows of age, we would speak to thee of change—of the joyous spring that ever succeeds the season of the moldering leaf, the howling winds, and the weary storms.

"Weep not that the spirit of change sleepeth never—that the almond flower should blossom, or that the windows should grow pale and feeble. The distance beckons not in vain—then onward, upward!

"Change is but another name for life. Thy spring time is not yet.

"May peace and happiness attend thy footsteps!

"We meet again."

Dr. Hallock, said that he had been amused, while speculating upon the various ideas and opinions which must necessarily cross the minds of those who are not familiar with, or who oppose, the subject of Spiritual Manifestations; and he thought, that if the public press was an exponent of the public mind, the ideas and opinions of the public must indeed be various. Some editors, in their comments on the subject, carry the idea that those who take the lead in the matter have some selfish, pecuniary object in view, and that their believers are so many dupes. Another class take a more humane view, and consider their action an evidence of the most wild enthusiasm, an ideal subject, and that those who propagate it are unsafe individuals, in whose mental organization there must be something wrong. At any rate, they deem it unworthy the consideration of the thinking and sober.

The speaker thought it probable that a somewhat similar state of mind exists in the public now, to that which characterized a notable assemblage of philosophers that met to listen to one Paul. They understood all that was to be understood of learning in that age of the world—all languages and principles—and here stood among them a stranger, big with lofty thoughts, and full of zeal to propagate them. He had [illegible] their city and observed certain phenomena, and he told them that he had [illegible] "to the unknown God," and that the same God he had come to declare unto them [illegible]. It seemed to the speaker that every human being must, in some stage of his experience, have erected in his own heart an altar to the Unknown—an altar to the unknown Truth—have had an aspiration for it; and he thought all would agree with him that if there goes up from that altar any thing like the odor of incense, the fire which kindles it must be from on high. "This unknown truth," said the speaker, "we come to declare to our fellow-citizens, whether they will hear it or otherwise—we declare it so far as we have experienced it." He thought that while individuals were listening to the different opinions that might be uttered from the platform, wisdom would teach them that they should not be hasty to come to conclusions aside from the main issue. His conclusion was, that the only thing that is definitely settled, was the great proposition—the great question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" To answer that great question which comes spontaneously from every human heart, is the prominent object of these manifestations. There are those whose ambition would ask us to go far beyond that. The speaker illustrated this by referring to a beginner in Arithmetic, who is anxious to take up a new rule before he is familiar with the preceding one, and whom his teacher is obliged to put back, that he may master that which he has hastily passed over. Who is there that has a full realization of the great truth that this is not our everlasting abiding place—that there is a higher life awaiting us in the skies? The lips will answer readily; but what is the answer of the life, the broad country over, and in the city in all its [illegible], and through all its streets? Knock at the doors of the houses, and let the practical business of those various houses answer, and what is the [illegible]?

We want to master the great truth that man is an immortal being, in one week; and because we are often sent back to learn our first lessons over, we get discouraged, and say the Spirits are evil, or that there is no reliance to be placed in them, when the difficulty is, we have eaten too fast, too much, and got our stomachs so out of order that we can not digest the food we have taken. The speaker thought that if the great truth of immortality were once to be realized by any human soul, the only thing he would ever ask would be the light to a better understanding of it. A knowledge of that truth must be a living principle planted within a man—[illegible] must hang every truth connected with this great fundamental idea that man is an eternal being; but we can not reasonably expect to gather all the fruit from the branches of that tree in one year, when it will be ripening during every period. The man who has a realizing sense of immortality has the nucleus of truth, and it will be for him to water it, cultivate it, and expand it. We can only aid him in this development. God only helps us in that which we can not perform ourselves. It is not true that if our first parents had not sinned they would have had nothing to do; for they were put in the garden to dress and keep it. Suppose God could write the order of the day upon the horizon, so that all could see precisely what they had to do. They would do their duty, but where would be their growth, and the development of the faculties of the human constitution? They would all sink to nothing from disuse. Is there not wisdom, then, in withholding absolute and authoritative teaching? As God furnishes the element to sustain our physical constitutions, leaving us to prepare the food ourselves, so he prepares the elements for our mental sustenance. The truths are not concrete, but mixed with error.

The speaker remarked that there was a class of intelligent men and women, who think that they see that others are taking a fearful stride in the opposite direction to all that is called good, and great, and holy, and these men and women have taken a stride in the opposite direction, and gone back to the mother church. A large number of earnest, honest, human beings are so impressed with the evil condition of things, moral and religious, that they have thought it best to flee and take refuge in the bosom of authority. It is a truth that can not be disguised, that the great mass of mind at the present day is traveling away from authority, and is beginning to say, "Down with your old superstitions and customs"—in religion, and in a political point of view, is beginning to say, "Vote yourselves a farm." There is a religious class who are traveling back to Rome, and a political class who are traveling back to Conservatism. The speaker thought that if men were to rush headlong to the realization of the motto, "Vote yourselves a farm," with no better ballast than the world has had to steady the ship of state, we should present a sad phase when we had realized it. It is enough to make a man shudder at the result who sees this ship, and the great amount of canvas she bears, while he can see no ballast to steady her. He thought that if just the elements could be introduced to form the kind of ballast necessary to steady that vessel, we would have nothing to fear. The whole theological world would say that that element is the providence of God, but how is the providence of God to effect the subject but through instrumentalities? The great tendency is to agrarianism and materialism; then some other element is necessary to save the world. He thought the theological world would agree with him, that that element must come from the Spirit-world. He thought that we were witnessing that providence of God in these Manifestations, whether they appear in the palace, grog-shop, or kitchen, for their influence is invariably to elevate the human heart, however degraded it may be.

The speaker closed his remarks by giving it as his opinion that no one could sit in a harmonious circle without feeling elevated, and to some extent purified; and saying that if this busy, active, humanity of ours would gather together in little circles, at stated intervals, with the bare idea of the possibility of their receiving communications from the world above, the effect would be fruitful of good.

A Stranger stated that although he had for some time been favorable to the belief that Spirits communicate, he was still in want of evidence. He gave an interesting account of his visit at a circle in the northern part of Pennsylvania, where he was an entire stranger. He received correct answers to all but one of from three to five hundred questions. It was announced that the Spirit of his deceased wife was present, and he was furnished with extraordinary proof of her identity.

[illegible] Owen, thought that those who had been talking of Spiritualism had made no application of it. What Mr. Hallock had said concerning the influence of circles, accorded with his experience. He regretted that the Conference was not opened with prayer, and hereafter if no other one would offer up devotion, he would be the one to attempt it. He was generally listened to with a good deal of interest, he presumed because what he said was practical. He fancied himself to be a medium for impression. On one occasion he was impressed to take his breakfast in an upper room, and by obeying his impression he saved the house from being consumed by fire, the screen being on fire when he entered the room. On another occasion he was impressed to stay at home from meeting. He remained at home, and was the means of preventing another conflagration. Within two or three days he had had names given through his mediumship.

The speaker closed his remarks by saying that he believed that five out of every ten were impressible, and that he would recommend families to form circles at their homes, and have the manifestations there, instead of going abroad for them.

A SPIRIT BORN.

At half-past eight o'clock, on the morning of the 1st. inst., the spirit of Otis Partridge, of Templeton, Mass., uncle to Charles Partridge, left the tabernacle it had occupied during an honorable and useful life of a little more than sixty-three and a half years.

The deceased was the third of a family of sixteen children, offspring of Otis and Hannah Partridge. His mother's spirit continues partially to animate the form already frosted by nearly ninety winters, and she appears equally to enjoy converse with spirits and mortals. She is accustomed to visit a certain large rock by the roadside near the late residence of the deceased, and when questioned respecting her object, says she has been home and seen and talked with her father and mother, husband, children, and friends, who have long since passed into the world of Spirits.

Mr. Partridge was exemplary in his life; he had a generous heart, a benevolent idea of God, and progressive views of humanity. He was a member of the Unitarian Church, but desired to hear the views of others, and when his preacher refused to exchange, or allow Universalists to occupy his desk, the deceased divided his contributions to the church between the two denominations; and the ministers of both took part in his funeral obsequies.

The departed has followed three children which God had given and taken away, and has left a devoted wife and seven children to mourn his departure.

In the spring of 1851, with his family he visited his brother Dea. Ezekiel Partridge, when the conversation turned on Spiritual Manifestations, and they resolved to invite them by standing round a table, which, to [illegible]. The Spirits of the children of the deceased were requested to signify their presence by first moving the table against [illegible] against their brother, who stood opposite, which they did, and [illegible] answers and demonstrations convinced the father that he was conversing with the Spirits of his children. The influence of this interview [illegible] source of consolation, and in his hour of trial robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. He was conscious of his approaching dissolution, talked of it freely, and was often found absorbed in deep meditation and prayer, and in sweetest communion with the Spirit-world.

C. P.

Original Communications.

TO MISS L. M. CADY, OF WOODSTOCK, VT.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Listen, sister, lo! the angels
  Softly whisper in thine ear,
[illegible]
  Messages of love they bear.

They have come from those blest regions
  Where the Spirit-Father dwells,
Where the happy Spirit-legions
  Roam amid celestial hills.

List ye to their heavenly message,
  Words of peace they bring to thee,
They have come, the joyful presage
  Of a glorious destiny.

They have come to fill with gladness
  Every loving, trusting heart,
They have come to banish sadness,
  And abiding joy impart.

They have come to hush all sighing,
  Wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
Life impart unto the dying,
  In the realms above the sky.

They have come to save from sinning,
  By inspiring holy love,
Thus the soul to virtue winning,
  [illegible]

Hasten, then, to spread the tidings,
  Acting cheerfully thy part,
Thus shalt thou escape the chidings
  Of a self-accusing heart.

Thus shalt thou secure the blessing
  Of the sorrowing sons of earth;
Sinful souls the truth confessing,
  Glad will seek the heavenly birth.

Is not yours a glorious mission,
  Thus to imitate the "Word!"
Is not this the sweet fruition
  Of the hope so long deferred!

What though earth's deluded millions
  Scorn the messages you bring!
Angels leave their bright pavilions
  And around you sweetly sing.

Truly are the words prophetic,
  Spoke by angels, verified,
"Men," endowed with power magnetic,
  "Walk with angels, side by side."

And when all your work is finished,
  You shall be an angel too;
Be not, then, your zeal diminished—
  Faint not till your journey's through.

A LIFE PICTURE.

[illegible]

There are pictures in life, as on canvas, which, once seen, are not forgotten. I remember one such. It was years ago, on a hot afternoon, that I saw an old man leaning against a lamp-post, which he left in a few moments, evidently wearied out, for an iron hydrant, on the square top of which he sat himself down to rest. There was something so mournful in his look, that I threw open the blinds of the window where I had been sitting, and, leaning over the casement, watched him with an intensity of feeling akin to anguish and tears. Over a brow on which, I should judge, not less than seventy winters had pressed their feet, and as many summers their parched hands, and down the sides of which struggled a few gray hairs, was drawn a faded hat, scarce shading his hollow cheeks, while his body was garbed in a covering which, though cleanly looking, bore unmistakable marks of a past age. His feet were cased in a poor apology for shoes; and thus accoutered, with "silvery beard unshorn," in the very sun's eye, sad, yet vacant-looking, as though no bond of earth claimed and no mortal friend cared for him, he sat silent, immovable as the seat on which he rested.

There is to me no sight more tenderly touching than that of old age. I reverence the Chinese, in that they reverence old age. Even though comfort and happiness surround it, and youth and childhood smile lovingly upon it, it suggests to me more than the ripest joy of earth. So near the verge of life, it seems to me only so much nearer to heaven and the great mysteries of the grave, and it fills me with solemnly tender thoughts. Stranger though it may be, I see my kin, my nearest and dearest, and even my own self, imaged in it, and I could no more treat it irreverently than I could mock at immediate death. But old age in want, suffering by the wayside, what so touching as that! It might be my father, or my mother; a wife, brother, or sister; if one suffer thus, may not all? And what if one's mother were shivering with cold, or dying with hunger, or suffering from pain, with no heart to beat tenderly toward her, and no hand to shield her gray hairs, can a sight more touching appear upon earth? Not to me!

I watched the old man for an hour, full of reflections like the above, when I ventured out to speak a word with him, to inquire into his history, and, if he had them, his sorrows and griefs. If youth is reverent, old age seldom repulses it. There is a childhood at either end of life, and the two mingle when they meet. So I found it. Freely to my question, "Friend, are you in want?" he replied that he was very weary and tired, and nigh starved; an outcast, or cast out from his own home, a home which, in other years, he had reared to shelter and make happy those images of himself who now had so foully turned him forth to beggary and death.

I was poor enough in this world's goods, but infinitely rich, I trust, in the sympathy that divides what it has with the suffering, and I gave him that which I had. It was but little, yet I have a thousand times felt, and now feel, the tearful gratitude of that old man for so small a kindness, sweeter to me than "strained honey." The memory of it flows into my heart like a rich odor.

Could I have done less for him, though I could do no more? Could I have passed by such sorrow and suffering without dropping if only one consoling word? The breath of kindness is sometimes both the bread and water of life. Nay, I could not have done less. Within me arose the suggestion, Yet a little while, O child! now blessed with sufficiency, and thy head will be silvered, and may be as poorly sheltered as this old man's. Thou, too, may'st have children who will turn thee from thy home. It was a reciprocity founded on the possibility of events afar off, swelling within me, that would not be repressed, a sentiment of compassion, not altogether unselfish, which, as with God's voice, bade me do as I did; a duty, whose omission would have pained my heart forever after—whose fulfillment brought its great reward. I looked upon that old man, not as a beggar; no, he had been a happy boy, had felt the spring breezes kiss his spotless cheek and toss up his glossy, bright hair. He had been a light-hearted youth, had touched his lips to the fountain of life when it was clear and sweet, and had been happy with high aspiration and dreams of faithful love. Finally he had grown to manhood, passed the rubicon, and seen in the distance before him, transcendently beautiful, the Mecca of life. Around him clustered his flock, beaming their bright eyes upon his sobered face, shedding a halo over his home. Happy man! a child, a youth, a man, and a father, blessed in affections that refined and purified him, and with affluence sufficient for all the desires of life—could he ask for more? Could he say to felicity, "Come nearer to my soul!"

But hold! Change and blight hang upon the issue of an hour. The wife of the happy man died, misfortune came upon him, and before the storm passed away much that was bright. The old oak, shorn of the protecting forest, caught the lightning, and stood charred and blasted against the sky. The stout heart palsied, and the hand withered at its task.

Did the fond, beaming eyes of children then smile upon the old man—the father? Nay! but, with bitterness and reproach, his own blood thrust him forth alone into the world! He went forth, he knew not whither; not a beggar, but a venerable old man, cursed by the sting that is "sharper than a serpent's tooth." He was Lear, without the memories of a king. And this was not among savages, but in a Christian land!

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even gray hairs. But I can not! Mendicity nor crime could stay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one clad in livery for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my alms, whenever I see the silvery signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who mocked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

[illegible]

Ah! childhood—bright—innocent—guileless childhood! Who is there that does not recall that period as a foretaste of a better world? Then days fly swiftly upon pleasure's golden wing. Each moment is laden with happiness. Grief, if allowed a momentary reign, is soon dispelled by joy, and the brilliancy of the last is enhanced by the shadow of the first. Affection guards the pure spirit, caged in the cherub form. Love—a mother's holy, heartfelt love—circles about the entrance of life's path. Who can say that blossoms are as bright or fragrant in after years? that the butterfly's wing is half as beautiful as when it flitted before the eager gaze of the little one? A child sails a tiny boat upon a whispering stream, and, as the current bears it away, and the eddies half turn it with puny powers, he tosses his cap in the air, and a pure cry of delight, a shout of glee, is heard. Will that thrill of rapture ever cause the pulse to bound again in after years? The remembrance of our childhood is, in its purity, like a talisman, guarding the spirit from evil thoughts and malicious actions. It seems like some fairy spot in life's wilderness.

Beneath the shadow thrown by a willow, one lovely summer's day, among the long grass, lay a sleeping child. Lovingly the soft cheek nestled against the moss-covered roots. A half smile parted the rosy mouth, and seemed to betray an angel-whisper. The golden sunbeams glided through the leaves of the old tree, kissed the wild flowers, and then rests upon the bright clustering curls as though laden with a blessing from the Spirit-land. A frail basket at his side seemed as though the little hand had just released its hold, and as a robin-redbreast hopped fearlessly toward him and rested upon its edge, the ripe red berries rolled around and lay glittering like rubies set in emerald. Weary with his rambles he had reclined under the cool shade of the tree until the bird that was trilling above his head seemed far away. The hum of the insects, and the buzz of the bees, in the heart of the wild honey-blossoms, grew fainter and fainter. The murmur of the laughing brook, that leaped over each pearly pebble with a joyous sound, seemed like fairy notes to the weary little one, for sleep came like a spell too powerful to be resisted, and as the casket lay chained the spirit seemed freed.

The boy dreamed. Bright forms with wings of silvery radiance floated all about him. Music of unearthly sweetness filled the air. A radiant band of little ones formed a circle, and each one seemed to beckon him to form one link in the beautiful chain. The child gazed with delight, and joyously raised his little hands. Bright spirits of cherub children clasped them, and then angel-voices seemed to utter sounds of praise. Radiant wings fluttered about him, and with irresistible power drew him upward. They passed through the blue ether and reached the golden portals of the celestial city. With a glad cry the boy said, "Ah! this is heaven!" The sound of his voice, ringing out in the stillness, aroused him. He raised himself and glanced about. The leaves of the tree still shadowed him; the butterfly glanced before him; the bee sang her humdrum song; the robin-redbreast looked with its bright eyes half sorry for the mischief it had committed, but these were no longer attractive. He glanced around as though disappointed, and as the knowledge of his earthly habitation filled his mind, and he knew it was only a dream, bright tear-drops chased each other down his flushed cheeks and lay glittering like liquid pearl among the grass.

As he noticed the lengthened shadows and setting sun he remembered his mother, and hastily retraced his steps. At length he reached the gate, raised the latch, bounded into those outstretched arms, and pillowing his feverish cheek upon that fond, anxious heart, related his wanderings and his dream. "Mother," he said, "I have been to heaven. Wings were given me and angel-children beckoned to me." She saw the fever flush, the brilliant eye of her boy; felt his hot, trembling hand upon her cheek, and a terrible fear shot with intense agony through her heart. Checking the wild cry of anguish that rose to her lip, she soothed him with a soft lullaby, and as he sank into an uneasy slumber she bowed her head and prayed wildly for mercy. "God! oh, God! spare him! Let not the shaft of the destroyer pierce his heart. Father of pity, grant me but this one blossom of promise to cheer earth's pilgrimage. God of love! spare my boy!" Poor mother! do not weep such bitter tears; hush those sobs of anguish, they cannot stay the hand of the destroyer. All earth's treasures, were they thine, could not bribe relentless Death!

Ah! how through the long hours she watched the glance of the eye so restlessly roving, listened to the moan of pain, cooled the lip, and hoped on. The struggles were fainter and fainter as the breath came shorter and shorter. Life's race is almost finished for that little one ere it had scarce begun. The arms feebly clasped the pale watcher's neck; the quivering lip rested for the last time upon the poor mother's tear-stained cheek, then parted in a happy smile, for once more he sees the angel-band beckoning to the bright world. He raised his hand, but it fell motionless. He is an angel now; and as she, tearless in her agony, bows over the form still so beautiful, a voice at her heart whispers, "Your child is *not lost, but only gone before*."

WORDS OF A SPIRIT-CHILD.

The following messages are believed to have been verbally dictated by the Spirit of a beautiful and highly gifted child, who bore the name of Minnie [illegible]. The gentle and loving disposition for which she was distinguished during the brief period of her earth-life are clearly displayed in what follows. The sweet, childlike simplicity exhibited in the style of the communications [illegible] is sufficiently convincing to the parties addressed, who, it is but just to say, are fitted by nature and the unfolding of their spiritual powers to adorn the most refined circles. These messages were rapidly written through the hand of a young lady in Brooklyn, who is greatly esteemed for the mildness of her disposition and the purity of her heart and life.

We understand that Minnie's father does not regard the manifestations with favor; but to others who knew Minnie, and loved her, the sweet words and soft caresses of the angel-child are precious as the incense of perennial flowers and soothing as the gentlest Æolian vibrations.—Ed.

COMMUNICATION TO MR. [illegible]

Mourn not for Minnie! I am gathering flowers for you, my uncle. Flowers such as we have here I would scatter in your pathway. Gladly would I weave a garland of these flowers and bring to you, that you might have always near you wisdom and truth, charity for all mankind, and above all things, love to God, thy father, and thy brother man. For let no man call God his father who calls not man his brother. Let thy mind be filled with the light and joy of the true religion of our Father, and thou wilt be so happy, and I shall be so happy, and dear mamma, too; and I know that thou wilt love to make her happy.

Then be Spiritual. Keep thy mind in a calm, quiet state; let not life's cares trouble thee, and when we can we will come to thee. Oh, if you could see your Minnie, you would not wish her back to earth to dwell, so happy, for here I can gather our flowers for you all, and gently, gently, when you least expect it, will I scatter them around you all. I could not do this if I still dwelt on the earth.

Then mourn not for Minnie, for now the influence of Him, our Father, descends on Minnie, and she brings all she can to earth.

Good Spirits will come around you if you pray for them. Pray not to the Spirits, but to our Father, and he will hear your prayer.

What I have said to thee this time would I say to dear papa, and to all the loved ones, whether they listen to it or not.

Tell them Minnie loves them all, and longs for them to enjoy the light that is breaking upon the earth. Often would I come to thee, but I must be about my Father's work, giving light and truth to all I can.

But remember this, that God our Father is Love, and through his goodness, that Minnie is Love. MINNIE.

November 9, 1853.

COMMUNICATION TO MRS. [illegible]

Angels attend thee, aunty, ever dear, and believe that they can and they will be ever around, ever near thee, and through their sweet influence shall sorrows lighten, joys increase, and daily, as thy Spirit grows brighter, earthly things will cease to trouble thee, my much loved aunty, always dear. By-and-by God will call thee home to him; angels will come and attend thee as thou passeth from earth to heaven. Fear not, my aunty; I am with thee helping to keep thee from wrong, and to guide thee to right. Oh, believe, then, that the Spirits of those who have left thee are ever near thee, and thy life will be happy; and when thou goest hence, it will be with joy, for thou wilt be going to thy Father's bosom, where joy and peace are evermore.

Once, aunty, I was a little child on earth, much, much loved by thee; now I am a Spirit-child in the Spirit-land.

I am happy here, very happy. To earth I would not go again, for though the earth is full of beauty, our sphere is full of light. We can see the Spirits that are near Christ, and we can feel their soft influence, for it is full of the *love*, the meekness, the gentleness, and of the humility of Christ, of the Spirit of God our Father.

Once there came on earth, in the form of man, the Spirit of God, to teach men how to live aright on earth, and thus to prepare them to dwell with Him on high. No more Christs will come upon the earth, for the Spirit hath returned to God; but the influence will descend upon all who ask for it. For seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; ask, and ye *shall* receive.

God is forever the same kind Father, ever willing to bestow good upon those who ask for it. MINNIE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

That I am taught by Spirits bright;
You, aunty dear, lend a listening ear,
And be taught by Him on high.
Through the loved ones He's teaching here.
Soon, soon, dear aunty, you will come,
And your voice ever sweetly singing,
Will be praising Him on high;
'Twill be sweeter than when on earth,
For here our music is ever beautiful,
Because it is the music of Christ,
The music of the Spirit of God our Father,
And as we grow more like him, so our
Music will grow sweeter and sweeter.

Promotion by Merit.—Commander McClure, of the Arctic Discovery ship Investigator, has been promoted to the rank of captain, for services performed in search of Sir John Franklin, and for the discovery of the certainty of a north-west passage.

Interesting Miscellany.

ASPIRATIONS.

[illegible]

A REMARKABLE VISION.

The following communication claims to be Spiritually originated, and we give it a place, as we have done many other articles, not because we entertain the views it inculcates, but because our paper is free. If any one idea is more prominent than another, it is, first, that we should cast all the works of human reason, however enlightened, into "the pit;" and second, that we must accept the Bible *without the exercise of reason.* We must decline to do either, and when any rational being succeeds in ascending the Spiritual *inclined-plane* without his reason, we shall conclude that fools have much the best chance of getting to heaven.—Ed.

[illegible]

Yours, most respectfully,

W. L. [illegible]

New York, Oct. 27, 1853.

WEAVING BY ELECTRICITY.

The *Commercio Sociale*, a French commercial paper, gives an account of the remarkable invention, by which it is proposed to utilize the electric current in the process of weaving. [illegible]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mr. Editor:

A case of clairvoyance, which appears rather extraordinary, having lately been developed, if you think it interesting enough for publication, you can use it for that purpose.

The following are the facts, as I learn them:

Mr. Judah L. Taylor, of Middle Haddam, had a servant girl leave his employ recently, and a few days subsequent to this, he found that a bag containing fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver had also disappeared. On inquiry being made, the girl could not be found, nor could he get any news of the money, although he suspected the girl of being the thief. As a last resort, Mr. T. went to Durham, to consult a clairvoyant, who had been very useful in detecting the thief in a similar case, not long since.

This clairvoyant, a girl, after answering some questions of minor importance, told him the silver which he had lost was so spread about in different hands, that he would never recover it, but the gold was in a certain house which she described, in the town of Portland, about five miles from the residence of Mr. T. The house described proved to be the residence of the sister of the suspected girl. The clairvoyant told him furthermore, that the gold was concealed in a certain part of a woman's dress, under the lining.

Mr. T. immediately returned, and taking the sheriff, proceeded to the house designated, and soon found a dress of the same color as described, and on examining as directed, found the gold.

The sister of the servant girl, it appears, was somewhat culpable, but finding it a losing speculation, turned States' evidence and corroborated what the clairvoyant had stated, and proved the girl to be the thief.

So it seems clairvoyance is making itself useful in many cases, although but little understood, the theory generally advanced being, that it is a reflex of the mind of the person with whom the clairvoyant is *en rapport*; but this will not explain cases like the above, where circumstances are brought to light, with which neither party are acquainted. Can not some of your numerous contributors give us a better theory?

Respectfully, yours, L. F. SUMNER.

Cobalt, Oct. 2. [*Sentinel and Witness.*

Preaching and Stealing.—Some weeks since, W. A. Johnston, of this place, had a man at work for him by the name of Edward Butt. He left suddenly, taking with him leather and other articles to considerable amount. Mr. J. took means to track him, and he was arrested in Pontoosuc, Hancock County, and brought back to this city. When found, he had forsaken his *last*, and commenced preaching. The following is a copy of a large number of bills found in his valise:

"PREACHING!

At [illegible]

BY

EDWARD BUTT.

SUBJECT:

"Is the Soul immortal, or will the Wicked be forever tormented in a conscious state of being?

"The ladies and gentlemen of this place, and vicinity, are invited to attend."

Yesterday he was arraigned before Justice Wood on the charge of stealing from Mr. Johnston. The evidence was conclusive as to his guilt. His preaching didn't suit the Esquire, so he was ordered to recognize in the sum of $600, for his appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court—and, in default of bail, the preacher was committed to jail.—*Rock Island Repub.*, 5th.

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With respect to this modern Piano improvement, it is necessary to state, that it is entirely independent of the Piano, that either the Æolian or Piano may be out of tune without injuring the other—it is necessary to state this, as many parties have understood it to be to the contrary.

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POPULAR SPIRITUAL SONGS.
Guardian Spirits. Words by James Simmonds; Music by Thomas Baker - - - 25 "
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POPULAR [illegible]
The Dying Words of Little Katy. Written by Solon Robinson, author of the original story in the *Tribune*; Music by H. Waters, author of "The Mother's Love." With a beautiful vignette illustration of the meeting with Little Katy. Price 25 cents. (Sung by Buckley's Serenaders.)
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